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Athens Ga Sept 24th 49

Dear Friends:

I feel assured that a few lines from one who once had the happiness of participating in your meetings, and who still feels bound to you by the strongest ties of Fraternity, will not be entirely devoid of interest, and that you — though the world might refuse to do so, will pardon the egotism in which I shall, almost necessarily, indulge.

Since the stern necessities of fortune, which so often, in this subverted state of human societies, overcome our attractions and set at defiance our wills, made me an exile from New England and from Associative society, I have been, during the greater portion of the time, a wanderer.

When I turn to my "Traveler's Guide", and, on its well conned map, trace my sinuous path from the shores of Boston Bay to the banks of the Oconee, — when I call up, one by one the many and varied scenes through which I have passed, — when the multitudes of people of all classes, with whom I have been brought in contact, pass in review before my mind's eye, the few months which have elapsed since I left Boston seem like so many years. The rich treasures of experience with which they have endowed me are such as years of seclusion could not have bestowed. The life of a human soul cannot be measured by months and years.

I have marked with a red line, on my map,

my chosen route from Boston to Athens. Here I passed by rail-road to Fall River. Here I crossed the Sound on a stormy night, and landing in New York, — threaded the crowded streets of that modern Babylon till my feet ached, and my heart too. Here I was whirled through the interminable peach-orchards of New Jersey; — lingering a day on two in Philadelphia — the beautiful city, I submitted again to the decking which over-ruled my will and now dropped at the heels of the Iron Horse through the fine farms-lands of eastern Pennsylvania. Now the line of my route follows the broad, rapid Susquehanna and the blue, winding Juniata, among pine wooded hills and grand old mountains to the source of the latter among the famed Alleghanies. Here it crosses the mountains and passes on down the Alleghany river, to where, beneath the smoke-clouds which ever hang over the Iron City, the two become one in the broad Ohio. I remained a week amid the dusky hills of brick wheel, with their thronging and busy population, from the great, black city of Pittsburg. Here I found some good friends, among the disciples of that grand visionary Garrison. I now trace the red line of my route down the Ohio to Wheeling, thence by the National Road to Zanesville in the interior of Ohio. Here I remained several months. A few miles above Zanesville, in the Valley of the Alleghany, I visited what was once

The Domain of the Chockingum Valley Phalanx (I believe that was the name) It is one of the most beautiful and fertile spots in Ohio. Fields of corn were then growing there that would yield a hundred bushels per acre! A long row of log cabins and the numerous frame of a long building, which now to be the "Phalanx", are the only material monuments that remain to mark the spot. But the place is called the "Dove Farm" and it will bear that name till ^{a time when} it will no longer be coupled with doves.

As soon as you visit of the land of frogs and Buckeye.
The people of Ohio have eaten huck till there is now
little difference between the eator and the eaten! "All
one amongst very near heaven in Ohio", said one in
reference to the long, flat character of the country. I
fear it is equally true in a moral sense.

Morning determined to leave Ohio and the West
 I turned my eyes southward My friend Mr. C., ("one
 of us") who was with me in Tennessee, and who was
 equally disappointed with Western civilization, proposed
 that we equip ourselves a la Bayard Taylor, and travel
 "with knapsack and staff" from the bank of the
 Mississippi, in the interior of Ohio, to the southern
 slopes of the Blue Ridge, in Georgia, or to such point
 beyond as we might afterwards determine upon. I assent
 ed to the proposition. We thought there would be
 a deal of romance and poetry in such a journey.

but I must confess that something entirely aside from the romance and poetry of the thing, had its influence in determining our choice of the pedestrian mode of travelling. The truth is, neither of us had the "climes", to enable us to travel in any other way.

Our friends in Zanesville stared, when we announced our project, and pronounced it utterly impracticable. But we were not to be moved from our purpose. We started from Zanesville on the 29th of Sept. 1848, and on the 28^d of Oct, ~~we~~ found ourselves on the southern side of the Blue Ridge in Georgia, and nearly 700 miles from the point of departure. We had walked the entire distance! We had waded rivers and climbed mountains, traversing the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and a portion of Georgia. The greater portion of the distance our route lay through a mountainous and almost uninhabited country. Any log cabin at which we happened to arrive at night furnished us with corn-cake, sweet potatoes and milk, and a hard bed. With these our wants were satisfied. These log cabins usually consist of a single room, in which all ~~seven~~ men, women and children, family and strangers, eat, drink and sleep! To lie in one of these cabins and gaze on the stars through the big cracks, - dreaming the while of the palace-homes of the Future, is a privilege that few have enjoyed!

We saw much magnificent scenery among the mountains. Flocks of wild turkeys often crossed our

path and not unfrequently we ~~we~~ caught sight of a red deer browsing on the mountain side or bounding in wild freedom through the forest. We frequently stopped to bathe, in the mountain ~~stream~~ streams. One morning, just opposite the little village of Williamsburgh, we waded the Cumberland river, there nearly half a mile wide, but, at that season, very shallow! We sometimes lost our way in vain attempts to follow Indian trails, through the labyrinths of the mountains. We endured some hardships, but I can truly say that I never enjoyed a journey more than I enjoyed this one.

Near the Blue Ridge "Mc" and myself became accidentally separated - taking different roads. Late in the afternoon on the 24th of October 1848, I found myself alone in the town of Dahlonega, with out a dime in my pocket, and with shoes and clothes, to say the least, rather the worse for wear! Almost the first man I met in Dahlonega was a Bostonian F. V. Bulfinch Esq., who has resided for many years in Georgia. He was a friend in the hour of need. The next day my friend Mc C - arrived in Dahlonega. He afterwards walked nearly 1000 miles through Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; so that I count my pedestrian exploits but a small matter.

In default of something better to do I labored as a pedagogue in a little log-town in the "Gold Region" for three or four months, and then

came to this place. I ~~now~~ am now wielding the "pen and scissors" in the "Editorial Sanctum" of a weekly newspaper, in this Athens of the South. I have trespassed so long upon your patience that I will not venture to give you a description of my ^{manner} ~~way~~ of life here, or say anything of my impressions of Southern Society and Institutions. If this letter does not prove to great a bore, I may by and by write another. I am the only Socialist in this town, and, as far as I know, in Georgia. The people here are entirely ignorant of our doctrines, but have an idea that they are entirely subversive of virtue and morality as well as of the rights of property sacredness of the family relations!! I think there are a few minds in the South that are prepared for the reception of our views, and they are found in the small class of highly educated men connected with some of the Colleges! The wealthy slave-holding class live in luxurious ease, and are well satisfied with things as they are, and the white industrials—(mechanics &c.) are too poor, too ignorant and too stupid to be reached at all.

My friends, I need hardly say that I ~~feel~~ feel most painfully the lack of the society and sympathy of those who "rejoice in the same faith", and that, tho' surrounded by friends, I am in one sense alone. I would now willingly travel, on foot, one hundred miles, to attend one of the meetings of the Boston Union of Associationists, could I ~~thus~~ accomplish that

end. I am with you in spirit, and when
the years of my exile are passed I hope to
meet you all, face to face.

Accept my best wishes for the prosperity
of the Union and of its members individually, and
beware me, as ever,

Your friend
D. H. Jacobus.

To the Boston Union of Associationists.